

MR. MARKLE'S REPLY.

HE REFUTES "SEVENTEEN FALSE-
HOODS IN SEVENTEEN LINES."

The Troubles in Which He is Involved He Attributes to the Malignations of Secret Orders—His Mental Condition, He Says, is All Right.

Mr. Editor—In your paper of the 19th inst. there appeared an article concerning me, most of which is the exact language appearing in the Washington Post of the 10th inst. The shortest way to reply is to say that by actual count I find it contains seventeen falsehoods in forty six successive lines. Take away this large number of falsehoods and any intelligent, sensible person can readily judge that there is but little truth left; and this being the case it is a waste of time to read such a paper, because its news is unreliable.

Among the seventeen falsehoods there is only one that I shall concede to notice now, and this is that my "mind finally became a wreck." I never made any such statement and no physician whom I consulted for this express purpose ever said that I had unsoundness of mind or even hinted so. Dr. Black, assistant physician at the government insane asylum, and hence an expert, with whom I had about one-half hour's consultation, said: "From conversation with you I have seen no evidence of insanity." Dr. Hill, of Baltimore, a lecturer in a medical college, who makes mental diseases a specialty, replied to me in these words: "I would say by all means I have discovered no insanity or lunacy or unsoundness of mind about you." And last March, after two days' trial, to which a physician was brought to testify against me and I had none in my own behalf, the jury in a few minutes declared that "the verdict of this jury is that George J. Markle is not of sound mind," which, conversely stated, is that I am of sound mind. This, then, is sufficient to refute this falsehood.

I do not deny that I was persecuted both in the office and out of it, and it was done by members of secret orders, and I know not why it was done. Perhaps it was done because I was too much of a Christian gentleman to associate with them, or because by their oath they were bound to obey the command of one of their order of a higher degree, even though they sinned against their conscience and the laws of God and man. At some future time I hope to show by other means that some secret orders are a greater curse than the saloon in many respects, and that some of them "are linked into whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness." O. J. MARKLE.

MARSHAL THOMAS HAGAN.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH HIS
TRIP TO CINCINNATI

The Massillon Marshal Does His Duty But His Cincinnati Assistant Loses His Head—Chief Dietrich Disposed to Throw Obstacles in Mr. Hagan's Way.

Mention was made yesterday of the object of Marshal Hagan's visit to Cincinnati. The Enquirer of yesterday continues the story thus:

"It was announced in yesterday's paper that M. G. Clymer had been arrested on a charge of selling maple syrup without a label on the packages. Yesterday afternoon a writ of habeas corpus was issued by Judge Wilson for Clymer. It was directed to Chief of Police Dietrich and Thomas Hagan, a constable from Stark county.

"Clymer was arrested Wednesday evening by Detective Allen and Constable Hagan and taken to Central station. Then Allen and Hagan went out to see the town. They turned up yesterday morning drunk.

"Allen went to Central station and because of his condition was suspended. Hagan went to bed and did not get up until yesterday afternoon. When he was served with the habeas corpus writ he went to court and reported that he did not have the prisoner. Chief Dietrich reported also that he did not have the prisoner.

"Thus Judge Wilson was in a situation where, as he expressed it, he had the habeas but not the corpus. Hagan started out to get Clymer, and while he was wandering around mourning over his headache and trying to find Clymer Major Lloyd walked into court with the man and the case was postponed until this morning.

"The plea of the habeas corpus is that Clymer is simply an employee and not an officer of the company that sold the syrup."

MARSHAL HAGAN'S STORY.

Marshal Thomas Hagan returned this morning from Cincinnati after traveling all night. Soon after his return he told an INDEPENDENT reporter his side of the story which puts the matter in an entirely different light. He said:

"I was sent as a special constable to Cincinnati with a warrant sworn out before Justice Folger by Assistant Food Commissioner Stewart, for the arrest of the man Clymer mentioned in the Enquirer and other papers. It is the usual thing for an officer who goes to a strange city to make an arrest to first go to police headquarters and ask for assistance, so up on my arrival I went to Chief Dietrich's office, and as he was not in, I introduced myself to Assistant Chief Fisher. The latter detailed Detective Allen to accompany me, and together we hunted up Clymer and brought him to headquarters.

"This was at the night, as the Cincinnati papers have stated. Clymer finally secured a bondman, and I arranged to meet him the following morning at headquarters at 9 o'clock. We then parted.

"When I went to bed at the Hotel Emery, I left a call for 6:30 o'clock the next morning. I was not awakened at that time and consequently did not get around to keep my appointment until 10 o'clock, or not later than a quarter after. This I can prove by half a dozen officers and I can also prove that I had not been intoxicated the night before. When I arrived Chief Dietrich was not present, but came in soon after. I asked him about Clymer and he said he did not have him. He then accused me of being 'out on a tear' with Detective Allen the night

previous and of not being around at 8 o'clock. This made me pretty indignant, for though I had been with Allen a short time after leaving headquarters I was not drunk, and was not with him when he was arrested. I had an angry discussion with Dietrich and asked him to return my warrant, which I had given to his assistant. He said he did not know where it was but would hunt it up. I did not get it, however, until after 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and by that time I had received a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Wilson demanding the release of Clymer.

"As neither Dietrich nor myself had him in our possession we could not give him up. But before I started home, Prosecuting Attorney of the police court, Fred Hertelstein went with me to Clymer's attorney and a bond was given for his appearance in Massillon before Justice Folger, on next Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, or sooner, should the justice wish. That is all there is to my story.

Marshall Hagan is naturally indignant at the treatment which he received at the hands of the Cincinnati papers, and at the uncalculated accusations of drunkenness made by Chief Dietrich. No one in Massillon doubts that he was badly treated in the matter, and it is hoped that his statement will set at rest all doubt as to his innocence.

BLAINE IN MASSILLON.

THE DEAD STATESMAN VISITED THIS
CITY TWICE.

How He Spent the Day Here in the Campaign of 1884—A Distinguished Dinner Party—Akrone's Part in the Proceedings—Robert Pinn and Blaine's Nomination.

Mr. Blaine visited Massillon twice in his career, and the day of the second occasion still lives as the most memorable in local history up to the present time. His first visit was very unexpected, and was during the Garfield campaign of 1880. Mr. Blaine was to speak in Canton, and came down from the north on the O. & W. road to Massillon, spending a few hours here the evening before. The place was dull and quiet in those days, but the word passed quickly, and when the great man reached the American House everybody in town was there. He was then in the vigor of his intellectual manhood, walked with a firm, elastic tread, and hesitated at nothing. He mounted a chair in the corridor, and spoke a few words of thanks. Next day by train, on foot and in carriages all Massillon went to Canton. A procession of commercial floats over a mile long crawled through the dust to the fair grounds, eight miles away.

The second visit was in the fall of 1884. Ohio's state elections were then held in October, and there was a fierce contest going on. It became necessary for the candidate himself to spend a week in Ohio, and one day was assigned to Massillon. A monster tent was secured for the speaking, and was located near Oak Knoll. Of course it rained that day, and rained all day since. It was reckoned that 30,000 strangers poured in from all directions. The scenes of crazy enthusiasm have never been paralleled. The leaders in this were from Akron. About a thousand young fellows came down from Summit county, with a yell they had practiced until perfect. It was "Blaine! Blaine! Blaine! A-k-r-o-n! Zip! Boom!"

They marched on the sidewalk from the Hotel Conrad to Erie street, across, then up the other side of Main street, across to the hotel and down again. They kept this up all afternoon, being joined constantly by others, yelling like mad. There was very little drunkenness.

Mr. Blaine arrived from Canton with Governor McKinley, and was entertained at the residence of Charles Steese, which has since been moved into the fourth ward. Next day a distinguished company has since dined in Stark county. Among the guests were Mr. Blaine, Governor McKinley, Senator Oullom, the late Secretary Windom, Senator Hawley, Walker Blaine and Emory Storrs, the brilliant Chicago lawyer who has since died.

"Mr. Blaine was the life of the party," said Mr. Steese, in speaking of that affair. "He was a great conversationalist, like Joseph Medill, but his interest was unflagging, and he impressed you as a man who knew everything. He retired for just an hour to secure rest. No; he did not seem to be making any effort. In all that he said and did he was natural and unforced. He was the greatest man of his generation, with the possible exception of Grant, but Grant had the halo of military success. When Mr. Blaine left the house to make his speech that day those Akron boys had awaked into the yard, and lined both sides the walk to the carriage. I never before or since heard such cheering. To this day I can see that old gray hat of Mr. Blaine's as he waved it to the right and left."

It seems improbable now, so changed is public taste, that such scenes as were enacted that day, will ever be witnessed again. Mr. Blaine was distinctly a favorite in Massillon, and there was a demonstration over his nomination. There were no daily papers then, and bulletins on "filmy" were posted in front of the American House. When the word came that Blaine had been nominated, Robert Pinn, one of his most loyal supporters, hastily mounted a horse, and with a huge dinner bell in his hand, galloped to La Paul Revere, up and down Main street, ringing the bell and shouting for Blaine. That night bonfires were ablaze everywhere, and Massillon was happy.

It has been suggested that a local memorial meeting ought to be held.

Heart Disease Curable.

The truth of this statement may be doubted by many, but when Dr. Franklin Miles, the eminent Indiana specialist, claims that Heart Disease is curable and proves it by thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures by his New Heart Cure; it attracts the attention of the millions suffering with short breath, palpitation, irregular pulse, wind in stomach, pains in side or shoulder, smothering spells, fainting, dropsy, etc. A. F. Davis, Silver Creek, Neb., by using four bottles of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, was completely cured after twelve years suffering from Heart Disease. The wonderful remedy is sold by Z. T. Baltzly, Books free.

CANTON AND COURT HOUSE

The new fee and salary law is taking effect with the new terms of the various county officers. Recorder Reed has been trying to figure out a house, living under the law for about a year, and County Clerk Coxon will attempt to do the same after the 1st of February. The salaries in about every case amount to \$2,700, under the Garber bill, and there are no fees or extras. The bill establishes a regular salary of \$1,500 per annum in counties of 15,000 population, and the increase over that is based on population and taxable values. This swells the Stark county salaries to \$2,700. Under the old order of things the salaries were small but the perquisites ran up wonderfully. However, it is said that when accounts were all settled, the beneficiaries were very little, if any, better off than under the Garber law, whereby they know exactly how much they are to have.

HE WAS FRIGHTFULLY KILLED.

Christopher Wilde, a hardware merchant doing business at 164 South Market street, was killed in a shocking manner last night, while driving home. He was two miles south of Canton, and while driving over the Valley road, way at South Cherry street, was run down by a train backing in from North Industry. The body was horribly mutilated. He was 45 years of age, and leaves a wife and two children. The accident occurred at 8:30.

HE TRIED TO KILL HER.

Mary S. White has applied for a divorce from John E. White, alleging habitual drunkenness and gross cruelty. Both parties to the suit reside in Canton. The plaintiff says, among other things, that in September last, her husband came into the house in the evening, and threatened to cut her child's throat, seizing a table knife for that purpose, and would have done so had she not interfered.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Clement Quinn to Anna M. Quinn, one lot in the second ward of Massillon, \$300.

John F. Schmidt to Thomas Dodds, 45-100 acres in Tuscarawas township, \$100.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

William Seikel and Matilda Wackerly, of Canton.

Daniel Bischoff Jr. and Annie Olara Snyder, of Massillon.

James T. Tamm Jr. and Lena Kuenfer, of Canton.

Jacob H. Longbaugh and Maggie Baum, of North Industry.

Jacob Meyer and Frances Bollinger, of Louisville.

Charles B. Simmons and Emma Simmons, of Canton.

IN THE PROBATE COURT.

George First has been appointed executor of Willbalt First, of Washington township.

Ernest Bjorkman and Mary Bjorkman, of Canton, have assigned to James A. Rice.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETING.

Word has been received that a meeting of the executive committee of the Ohio Sunday School Association has been called to meet in Canton in the Y. M. C. A. building on Feb. 14 and 15. The object of this meeting is to make preparations for the big convention of Ohio Sunday schools to be held in Canton during June. It has been decided to hold in connection with the above a county convention, the first session to be held on Tuesday evening and participated in by members of the executive committee. Two sessions on Wednesday, at which time live topics relating to Sabbath school work will be discussed by prominent Sabbath school workers from different parts of the county. The evening meeting on Wednesday will be a platform meeting, also participated in by members of the executive committee. A general attendance from all parts of the county is desired at this meeting. Every Sunday school is urged to send delegates.

COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

Judge Taylor is spending the week at Carrollton.

The petit jury was dismissed this morning until 1:30 Monday afternoon.

Catherine Lewellyn has filed a petition in equity against John Lewellyn and the Canton Wrought Iron Bridge Company to secure payment of \$300 alimony, for which she obtained a decree in 1891.

The City National bank has purchased property fronting on South Market street, for \$25,000, and will erect thereon a fine building. The Central Savings, and George D. Harter bank already own fine blocks.

Friday.

The county is now constructing a drain from Meyer's Lake to a natural water course through the Canton cemetery. The work will cost \$2,600, and is being done to protect the cemetery from possible flood. It is necessary, as a part of the ditch, to build 400 feet of brick sewer, 33 inches in diameter, which passes through a bed of quicksand. This portion of the work is being rushed now, as construction in quicksand, except in winter, is almost an impossibility.

The only real estate transfer recorded to day is that of Charlotte Reed to Lizzie H. Pitts, lot 823, fourth ward of Massillon, \$650.

The will of Julia Gaume, of Louisville, has been filed for probate.

Charles A. Hanwald has been appointed guardian of Glenn O. and Cora B. Wood, of Alliance.

Patrick McLinden has sued the stockholders of the Sun Coal Company for \$50.66, the amount of a judgment received in justice court.

Mary Rohr sued the stockholders of the Canton Stove Company for \$33, the amount of a judgment recently received.

W. J. Plero has sued Anna and John Nauman for \$37.50.

A water pipe burst in the county surveyor's office this morning and damaged a lot of valuable records.

HE SWALLOWED MORPHINE.

Despondent because out of work, George Cartwright, mechanic, swallowed morphine and crawled into a box car, where he was discovered, this morning, in a frozen condition, dying

a short time afterward at the police station. He has no relatives.

THE VALUE OF AN EAR

The value of a human ear, at Louisville, in this county, is placed at \$50. A squabble occurred at Gladieux's saloon, in that town, over the payment of two glasses of beer, between J. H. Merroot and Levi Numanaker. Bystanders say that Numanaker invited the other fellow to the bar to partake, and afterward refused payment. In the fracas Merroot's ear in some manner was inserted between Levi's jaw, and the chewed, being somewhat hungry, chewed away for dear life, soon reducing that beautiful member to a sorry condition. As may be seen mutilating the human form divine is a very serious offense, Mr. Numanaker has been actively engaged the past week in trying to raise means to pay \$50, in which sum Merroot thinks he is damaged.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

J. H. Flood and Alice J. Lantz, Canton.

Philip Mangold and i Ermania Wilson, New Baltimore.

Jacob Marty and Lizzie Relar, of Maximo, Michael Werstler and Mary B. Brown, of Greentown, have been granted licenses to wed.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Lou's Moulder to Sylvester Burd one lot in Albright & Webb's add. to second ward of Massillon, \$1,150.

Sylvester Burd to Catharine Tuohy one lot in A. Light & Webb's add. to second ward of Massillon, \$1,300.

A REMARKABLE COURTSHIP.

She Thought That Bill Was Losing His Strength.

"It was when I was boss of a railroad shanty at Gresham, O.," said the little man whose turn to tell a yarn came next, "that I was an eyewitness to what I am about to relate, and I tell you, gentlemen, that Gresham was a mighty wild, lonely spot in those days and homes were a mile apart. But that was before the railroad was built.

"The gang of men boarded and lodged at the shanty, but I was more fortunate, for I lodged with a widow who had a pretty daughter who was keeping company with a young backwoodsman, and I had the spare chamber over the living room. The lover was a big, brawny fellow, who came late to do his courting, and whose voice sounded like the scrapings of a buzz saw.

"One night, as I sat at my window smoking my first pipe, I heard his steps outside and saw his great bulk coming through the trees. It was unusually early for him, but I knew that the coast was clear. But what was this? He did not usually come on all fours, as he was now approaching the house, I looked again and saw my mistake. 'Some neighbor's dog,' I thought, but I was glad to be out of the way of such a powerful mastiff.

"Miss Nancy was rocking and singing in the room beneath. I had a curiosity to see if the dog would walk in upon her, and peeped through the cracks in the pine flooring.

"'Jehosaphat! I nearly yelled, for it was no dog, but a big black bear, and he had swung the door open like a human and trotted in.

"Like all women who expect company, Miss Nancy was not to be taken by surprise. She heard him fast enough, but went on rocking and singing with her back to him.

"Then he stood upon his hind feet and threw his arms about her and hugged her till I thought I heard the poor girl's bones crack, but I couldn't have moved or spoken to have saved my life.

"'You're late, Bill,' I heard her say. 'Gimme another huggin'.

"There was no answer, naturally, but the bear hugged her again, shivering the back of the rocker.

"'Easy, Bill; yer huggin' the cheer. Wat yer been eatin? Seems like yer breath ain't nat'ral.

"The bear gave Miss Nancy another hug, and his paw swiped her cheek as he did so. It made her mad.

"'Yer manner nor makes, Bill. I've more than a mind to gin yer the shake, an I will if yer don't hug prettier no that. Yer ain't no yer talk nor a mouse. Why don't yer talk some?'"

"At that moment Bill himself appeared on the scene, and Mr. Bruin retreated. There was no scrimmage, for bears in Ohio were as tame as kittens, but as I withdrew my eye from the crack I heard Miss Nancy saying to the young man:

"'I kinder reckoned, Bill, that yer huggin' were powerful weak, an I fowed to make yer get a new cheer, but I never suspected that was a real bear or I'd 'a been kinder scared.'

"That bent all the domestic comedies I ever saw," concluded the little man cheerfully as he rolled his pipe, and we all coincided with him.—Detroit Free Press.

On the Shopping Plan.

"Is this where I can send a telegram?" asked the lady of the clerk in the telegraph office.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How much does it cost?"

"Where to, ma'am?"

"To Aurora."

"Depends on the number of words, ma'am."

"And will it get there, sure?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"The same day?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And if I sent it day after tomorrow morning it would get there that afternoon?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

"Well, I wanted to be sure about it if I send one, that's all. Good day."—Chicago News-Record.

The Case Fully Explained.

"Why don't you go home for your noon lunch?" inquired the city man.

"Because," answered the suburbanite, "I don't reach my office soon enough to be able to get back again in time to start home for my dinner."—Chicago Tribune.

What She Wanted.

Miss Quigg: Have you a cure for corns?

Drug Clerk: Hard or soft?

Miss Quigg: Medium, please.—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

A Mistaken Inscription.

A friend of mine in a Pennsylvania town recently celebrated the day that rounded the quarter century of her married life. A number of acquaintances presented her with a large coffee pot, but imagine her chagrin to see engraved on the silver these words:

"To Mrs. — on the anniversary of her twenty-fifth wedding."—New York Mail and Express.

Another Problem Solved.

Mr. Suburb—My dear, don't you think that instead of building a \$10,000 house and putting in \$500 worth of furniture it would be better to build two \$5,000 houses and put \$300 worth of furniture in each?

Mrs. Suburb—Of all things! What for? Mr. Suburb—So we'll always have one house to live in while the other is being cleaned.—New York Weekly.

An Observing Brother.

Little Boy—How soon are you and Sis going to be married?

Accepted Suitor—She has not named the day yet. I hope she does not believe in long engagements.

Little Boy—She doesn't, I know, 'cause all her engagements has been short ones.—Good News.

Some Mistake.

He (speaking of his sweetheart)—There is one thing she has no enemies.

She (in astonishment)—No enemies! Why, I thought you said she was beautiful!—London Tit-Bits.

She Was Certain.

He—Oh, I have a splendid story to tell you. I don't think I ever told it to you before.

She—Is it really a good story?

He—Indeed it is.

She (swearily)—Then you haven't told it to me before.—Life.



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LECTURER BILL NYE.

HE SAYS IT ISN'T SO EASY AS IT LOOKS.

To Start Out as a Lecturer is an Up Hill Job Under the Most Favorable Circumstances. He Describes His First Lecture and How He Felt.

(Copyright, 1903, by Edgar W. Nye.)
I've just been talking with a young man on the train. He squinted an hour of sunshine into my life. So he imagined. In fact, I wanted to sleep, being short over six weeks of slumber and counting on getting a small collection of winks on the way. He sat near me in the seat and hung his overcoat over my head so that his smoking tobacco sifted down the back of my neck and tickled the top of my sensitive head.



"NINETY DAYS AND COSTS."

He said he would like some day my judgment on a book he was going to publish under the title "Gleanings." I said yes, I would look at it when I happened to be at his house. He said that would be unnecessary, as he had it with him. He opened his valise, which contained the manuscript, a pair of arctics and a lunch, and took out "Gleanings." He read quite a lot of it to me.

"Now what would your judgment be on that?" he said.

"Ninety days and costs," said I as quick as a flash.

He said as he reluctantly got off the car that he was a great student of Mr. Riley, the Hoosier poet. "I don't believe Jim has ever wrote anything that I can't repeat, and, between you and me, a heap better than he does it. I use his 'Goodbye, Johnnie; see you later' in my lecture."

Speaking of lecturing, I have an earnest and sincere letter from a young man at Racoon Summit, Tenn., asking about my own early experience and how I like it.

The history of the lecture industry of America is one of alternate elation and depression. It is a history of alternate failure and success, written with the heart's blood of the lecturer. It is a record of hope and indignation, of exhilarating applause and nipping frosts.

It is easy in America today: "I will be a lecturer. I will train my voice and warm the cold hearts of my fellows with my nice new upper register. I will train myself from an elocutionary point of view, and I will write myself a lecture to fit the gestures that I have thought up. I will win for myself a place in the hearts of my countrymen at \$300 per pop, and committees shall say, 'Lo! he is indeed a corker!'" and the leading people of the town shall take me to their homes and give me of their preserves, and the committee shall meet me at the depot with a lively train.

It is easy to say all this, but it is not easy to do it. Before all this can happen the long dusty road that leads to public approval must be sprinkled with tears. The amateur lecturer must contribute many souls and three sheet posters, and many an amateur manager must meet with reverses of his fortunes while the lecturer's cuffs are going through the same process.

Our best lecturers are too wealthy to lecture, and so the field is occupied pretty extensively by those whose fame is superior to their lectures, or whose lectures are superior to their fame. So too often it is either "a small but delighted audience," or "a large and disappointed one."

Sometimes the lecturer entirely escapes criticism, while the audience gets a terrible roasting for its apparent enjoyment. This is one of the saddest sights I have ever witnessed. A bright young critic, who has had sometimes as high as a year and a half of experience as a thought molder, takes an audience of more or less mature people across "his knee and gives it a well merited rebuke. I have known an audience after such an experience to change its name and go somewhere else. No one who has never been an audience under such circumstances can imagine its chagrin when it finds by the paper that it has enjoyed a lecture which was a bitter disappointment to a blase young critic.

Judicious advertising twenty-five years ago would have made any lecturer a financial success, but now it will not. It is a queer combination of fame—ability to entertain and business sagacity—which together make up the sum of success from a box office standpoint now, and that has to be the test at least, for lecture committees and local managers do not love one who cannot draw. You are therefore to combine your talents as a talker and as a draftsman.

To start out as a lecturer and win wealth and fame in this way is an up hill job, even though your lecture was written by some one in whom you have the utmost confidence. Generally originality of thought and expression, which through the medium of the public press have attracted attention, are the first and strongest elements of success in the makeup of a lecture tour. Then should follow a complete study of the average audience and an effort to please its peculiar taste.

In the autumn of the year 1884 I met with a severe accident in the northern woods of Wisconsin, by which my leg was very much broken at the knee. The accident was due largely to an error in judgment by which my own delirious bisected the orbit of a growling cyclone at a time when the cyclone's orbit was in use. "Stepping on a bright, new peal of thunder," to quote from myself, I fell quite a long distance with very little obstruction until I reached the earth, when I was shocked to find that I could proceed no farther.

Starting up, however, I was horrified to find before I had proceeded two steps that my choicest leg had been broken just below the knee. After weeks of suffering at a village, to which I was carried by admiring friends, I was led to believe from the large number of people who came long distances to view the shattered limb that if I could get it on the stage, together with a few explanatory remarks regarding atmospheric phenomena, I would entertain and instruct while possibly detracting attention from the accursed ballet and thus elevating the stage.

A New York manager had previously written me regarding the possibility of my lecturing, and I had been just coy enough to keep him interested. Thus I began to get around on crutches I could not overcome the desire to appear in public, so that those who had "read after" me could also "sit under me." I wrote to this manager and told him that he might make fifty dates for me in desirable cities in December and January at an enormous price. He wrote back to know what printing and press notices I had.

I had one notice, which I sent to him at once, although he never used it. It was as follows:

"Last evening Mr. Nye spoke at the new rink here on the subject, 'Is or Is Not the Tariff a Tax?' The speaker arrived on the 8 o'clock stage from the Siding. He was the first one in the hall and by far the last one out of it. He speaks with great difficulty, owing to the fact that he is unable to think of things to say. Some think he will improve. The lecture was free, and several came in to get warm. Those who were already warm enough did not come in.

"The janitor tells us that the lecture lasted over an hour. He thinks that if our people here had begun in time it could have been averted. He is going to resign as janitor if the owners of the building do not treat him with more consideration."

There were other notices that were better than the above—ones that I had written myself—for I was more careful not to wound my feelings than the man who wrote that one.

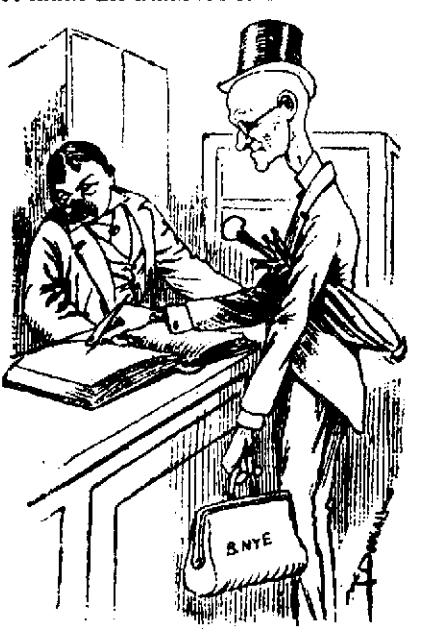
After a few weeks, greatly to the surprise of those who knew me, I got a telegram asking me my price for lecturing. The telegram came from a small but very active and thrifty place. I was not ready with my lecture yet, and my clothes were not done, so I wired back that I would charge \$300 and expenses. The answer by red message was that my terms were accepted with pleasure.

This only gave me two days in which to study my piece and finish my clothes. It was very annoying, but I could not honorably get out of it. Also by this time I had grown very tired of studying the lecture. It did not improve on acquaintance, I wondered how I could have seen anything smart in it on the start. Oh, how very trite and tart and tough it seemed as I studied it walking up and down in the granary, and how I wished that I had not beaten down the price of the young man who wanted to write a good lecture for me!

Why did I try to economize by writing my own lecture? Here was a young man who had written lectures for all the prominent lecturers of the country, and eight dollars was all he asked. Why did I try to save eight dollars and thereby humiliate myself before the people?

Finally the job was done. The lecture inside of the lecturer was committed, and the new clothes came home with white lustrous threads in them. I had a dress rehearsal in the evening at home before I went to bed. One good, kind man went from my rehearsal to sit up with a lady who had been killed by her husband while at tea. He went rather cheerfully, it seemed to me.

All along the way to my engagement I could not be happy. Everything reminded me of my lecture. In my imagination I could see the audience, at first expectant, then disappointed, then disagreeable, then offensive and finally riotous. I could not eat anything. I did not feel hungry. I dreaded meeting the committee. I was tempted to get killed on the road, and though I needed the advertising I gave it up, for I could not think of any kind of death that would not make me ashamed to be laid out.



ANY RELATION TO BILL NYE?

No one met me at the train. Then I began to hope that possibly it was all a mistake and that maybe I would not have to lecture. I went to the only hotel and registered. The landlord asked if I was any relation to Bill Nye. I said yes. "Well," said he, "he is here today; has been here all day."

"He has?"

"Yes. Came in on the morning train."

The committee met him and took him up to see the artesian well, and visited the public school with him, and they say he spoke to the children, kept 'em laughing all the while, sassed the teacher, swore at the scholars and smoked the committee's cigars. Oh, he's a corker! He lectures here tonight!

"Is he stopping here at this house?"

"Yes, he stops here. Charlie, where did Bill Nye go to?"

"Why, he was here just before the train went out."

"Well, s'posin you run up to No. 80 and see if he's in. Tell him there's a relation of his down here."

Pretty soon Charlie came back and said that he was gone. Also his bright little enameled portemonnaie. He had gone out on the same train which brought me in. He had enjoyed himself very much indeed, it is said. He had binged ridden all day, made a few remarks to the workmen on reciprocity and delivered a notoriously unsound speech before the Presbyterian synod, which was then in session there—a speech which I have been nearly eight years in trying to live down by an upright life.

I spoke on that evening at a great disadvantage. It had become noised about that I was a low, coarse thing, and that I had never been in good society much. One man asked at the box office if it would be a proper place to bring ladies. I do not know when I have been so pained. It is hard enough to lecture for the first time anyhow; but, oh, how distressing it is when one has been maligned and misrepresented by an ally!

I was introduced by a man who was so afraid that he might accidentally be responsible for my sentiments that he said nothing except in regard to the beautiful soil and climate of the town, and what a future she had before her, and what undeveloped resources she had, and how a little foreign capital would make her what she was destined in the no great distant future to become—the gem city of the continent.

I arose somewhat irritated and said that after the beautiful and deserved tribute and introduction just given to the gem city of the continent I was sorry to state that it was unable to be present this evening, and that I had been secured to take its place. Then I went on from that with my lecture, which sounded strange and very poor to me.

When any one snickered, it surprised and astonished me so that my very astonishment added to their mirth. I was so depressed and sad inside that it seemed to heighten the effect and add to what there was in the text that was of a humorous character. That air of intense gloom while on the platform is still with me today. It is natural and honest. It is not assumed. It was stage fright to begin with, and it has at last crystallized into habit and has been honored by the name of "art." It is not art. It is the petrification of my early horror.

Bill Nye

A Recommendation.



Mrs. Higginson—Now, about that man you sent over to me—is he honest?

Mrs. Fireman—Well, I should say so. He has been tried twice for stealing and has escaped both times.—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

Devouring Affronts.

The most miserable of lives, probably, is that of the "barn stormer," or comedian who goes about with others in a company, performing in small towns and villages. Not infrequently these people encounter audiences which express deserved contempt for them in ways which are not kind.

"I suppose," said a friend of one of these performers at the close of one of his expeditions, "that you got pretty much everything thrown at you?"

"Oh, yes—apples, principally. And now and then turnips and frequently potatoes."

"And occasionally cabbages, I suppose?"

"Unfortunately we were very seldom hit by a cabbage."

"Unfortunately! What do you mean by that?"

"Why, bless your soul, it was the best luck we had when people threw those things at us. We had so little to eat that we were thoroughly glad to swallow their insults."—Youth's Companion.

Get Along Very Well.

Mr. Green (who has been listening to Mr. Brown's account of a trip around the coast)—And how did you like it, Mrs. Brown?

Mrs. Brown—Well, I didn't see much of the scenery, but the cabin was very comfortable and the stewardess a most sympathetic woman.—Pick Me Up.

A Trifle Too Good.

Friend—Got that new patent pneumatic sulky of yours done?

Inventor—All complete now. There is only one trouble.

"What's that?"

"It keeps getting ahead of the horse."—New York Weekly.

The Wrong End.

Little Dot—There's a lady getting up a typewriter class, an Annie Smart is going to join.

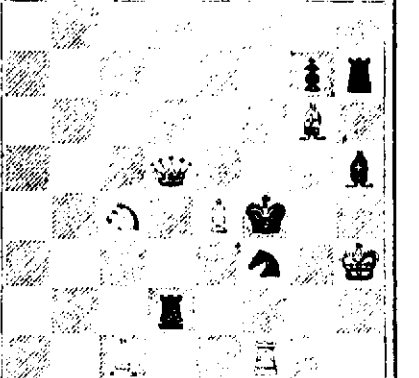
Little Ethel—The idea! Why, she can't even play the piano yet.—Good News.

CHESS AND CHECKERS.

Address all communications for these departments to John T. Denver, 621 W. 15th Street, Chicago, Ill.

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PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.



It Cures Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A sure cure for Consumption, Chronic Catarrh of the Throat, and all other lung diseases. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists every where. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.00.

Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago Div.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Schedule of Passenger Trains—Central Time.

Westward.	AM	PM	AM	PM
Pittsburgh	8:15	12:30	1:30	4:30
Beaver Falls	8:22	12:37	1:37	4:37
Cambria	8:29	12:44	1:44	4:44
Lawrence	8:36	12:51	1:51	4:51
Salmon	8:43	12:58	2:00	4:58
Allegheny	8:50	1:05	2:07	5:05
Maximo	8:57	1:12	2:14	5:12
Louisville	9:04	1:19	2:21	5:19
Frederick	9:11	1:26	2:28	5:26
Lawrence	9:18	1:33	2:35	5:33
Salmon	9:25	1:40	2:42	5:40
Allegheny	9:32	1:47	2:49	5:47
Maximo	9:39	1:54	2:56	5:54
Louisville	9:46	2:01	3:03	6:01
Frederick	9:53	2:08	3:10	6:08
Lawrence	10:00	2:15	3:17	6:15
Salmon	10:07	2:22	3:24	6:22
Allegheny	10:14	2:29	3:31	6:29
Maximo	10:21	2:36	3:38	6:36
Louisville	10:28	2:43	3:45	6:43
Frederick	10:35	2:50	3:52	6:50
Lawrence	10:42	2:57	3:59	6:57
Salmon	10:49	3:04	4:06	7:04
Allegheny	10:56	3:11	4:13	7:11
Maximo	11:03	3:18	4:20	7:18
Louisville	11:10	3:25	4:27	7:25
Frederick	11:17	3:32	4:34	7:32
Lawrence	11:24	3:39	4:41	7:39
Salmon	11:31	3:46	4:48	7:46
Allegheny	11:38	3:53	4:55	7:53
Maximo	11:45	4:00	5:02	8:00
Louisville	11:52	4:07	5:09	8:07
Frederick	11:59	4:14	5:16	8:14
Lawrence	12:06	4:21	5:23	8:21
Salmon	12:13	4:28	5:30	8:28
Allegheny	12:20	4:35	5:37	8:35
Maximo	12:27	4:42	5:44	8:42
Louisville	12:34	4:49	5:51	8:49
Frederick	12:41	4:56	5:58	8:56
Lawrence	12:48	5:03	6:05	9:03
Salmon	12:55	5:10	6:12	9:10
Allegheny	1:02	5:17	6:19	9:17
Maximo	1:09	5:24	6:26	9:24
Louisville	1:16	5:31	6:33	9:31
Frederick	1:23	5:38	6:40	9:38
Lawrence	1:30	5:45	6:47	9:45
Salmon	1:37	5:52	6:54	9:52
Allegheny	1:44	5:59	7:01	9:59
Maximo	1:51	6:06	7:08	10:06
Louisville	1:58	6:13	7:15	10:13
Frederick	2:05	6:20	7:22	10:20
Lawrence	2:12	6:27	7:29	10:27
Salmon	2:19	6:34	7:36	10:34
Allegheny	2:26	6:41	7:43	10:41
Maximo	2:33	6:48	7:50	10:48
Louisville	2:40	6:55	7:57	10:55
Frederick	2:47	7:02	8:04	

WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1883
DAILY FOUNDED IN 1885

THE EVENING INDEPENDENT is delivered to subscribers in the city and surrounding towns at a rate of 10 cents per week. By mail, postage free, \$1 per year; \$4.50 for six months; \$8.00 for three months.

Telephone Calls.
COUNTING ROOM—ONE RING
EDITORIAL ROOM—TWO RINGS.

THE INDEPENDENT BUILDING.
10 North Erie Street. — MARSHALLTON.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1893.

John P. Jones will tell what the Republican party has done for labor, at the Lincoln banquet. John P. will do the subject justice.

Representative John Thomas has won a decided victory in effecting the passage of the anti screen bill by a vote of 53 to 3. Without question it makes him invincible as a candidate for reelection.

The record of the board of trustees: One state insane asylum, one railroad division headquarters with shops to follow, two large factories whose projects are ready to contract with the city at once.

William Walter Phelps, Republican, and minister to Germany, must be a good deal of a man since he has just been nominated as lay judge of the court of errors and appeals, in the state of New Jersey, by the Democratic governor.

The total tax rate in Canton for 1892 was 26 1/2 mills, for Alliance 27 7/8 mills and for Massillon 26 1/2 mills, which goes to show that Massillon is the cheapest city in Stark county in which to live, not to mention sundry other points in its favor, of which modestly forbids mention.

Down in Alabama the lower house of the legislature has passed a bill completely outlawing the cigarette. If the bill passes the upper house, it will forbid the giving away or sale of cigarettes, cigarette tobacco and cigarette paper, and imposes a fine coupled with imprisonment, both provisions being mandatory, for violations of the act. We have a law—it is never enforced—prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to young boys.

A bureau of public comfort has been organized in connection with the Columbia exposition, not the least of its duties being to ascertain just where people may be lodged and fed next summer. Up to this time accommodations for 16,000 visitors have been announced to this bureau, in that part of the city lying between North avenue and Seventy-ninth street.

Price of rooms per day without board:

Single room, single bed, one person, \$1.35.

Double room, double bed, one person, \$2.12; two persons, \$2.70.

Double bedded room, two double beds, two persons, \$3.50.

Double bedded room, two double beds, three persons, \$4.15.

Double bedded room, two double beds, four persons, \$5.50.

As we are now looking upon the Sandwich Islands with covetous eyes, here is some pitiful information concerning them: The islands composing the group have an area of about 6,000 square miles, with a population of 80,000, including 2,000 Americans, about 1,200 English, German and French, 20,000 Japanese and 13,000 Chinamen. The rest are natives, who are rapidly dying out because of fondness of a very destructive liquor, and the prevalence of certain diseases, which are aggravated by filth. They live mostly in the city of Honolulu and the smaller villages, where the life is easy, though on the sugar plantations may be found sturdy men, who are superior to the Chinese as laborers. About \$30,000,000 is invested in these plantations, only one-fifth of which is owned by natives. The greater part is owned by Americans. The export of raw sugar to the United States in 1889 amounted to \$5,439,000, while the entire exports amounted to \$14,000,000.

Mr. Ike Rice, of Cincinnati, is probably aware by this time, that silence is golden. Mr. Rice lost a diamond pin and some money in Massillon, during a period of riotous living. Instead of preserving a discreet and solemn silence, Mr. Rice not only told his wife, but told the newspapers that he had been drugged and robbed, and that subsequently his pin had been returned to him through the mayor, incidentally intimating that the mayor was hand in glove with the authors of his misfortune. This naturally induces Mayor Reed to explain the circumstances, and in such manner that Mr. Rice will have some difficulty in squaring himself with his friends. The powers that be look with charity upon the misbehavior of many weak vessels, but when the erring ones try to saddle their sins upon those who would help them out of a tight place, it is right and proper that they should tell a plain unvarnished tale.

Jefferson in his "Notes on Virginia"

says: "Every government degenerates when trusted to the rulers of the people alone. The people themselves therefore are its only safe depositories, and to render even them safe their minds must be improved to a certain degree. This, indeed, is not all that is necessary, though it is essentially necessary. An amendment of our constitution must here come in aid of the public education. The influence over government must be shared among all the people. The first stage of this education being the schools of the hundreds wherein the great mass of the people will receive their instruction, the principal foundations of future order will be laid here. Instead, therefore, of putting the bible and testament into the hands of the children at an age when their judgments are not sufficiently matured for religious inquiries, their memories may here be stored with the most useful facts from Roman, Grecian, European and American history."

JAMES G. BLAINE

The news that comes flashing across the country this afternoon, announcing the death of Mr. Blaine, quickens the pulse of every one, and we think reverently and sadly of the career of the great man gone. The true measure of his greatness will not be taken to-day. It may almost be said of him, as Stanton said of Lincoln: "He belongs to the ages."

He has been abused like no other American. He has been loved like no other American. Yet out of the cauldron of politics his overmastering qualities of intellect and heart were such, that as he lay upon his death bed, there was no one of his ancient enemies or detractors who would withhold from him the credit that was due to him as the foremost figure of his time.

He was above all a patriot. The writer of these lines now recalls a dinner which he attended during the heat of a campaign two years ago, at a country tavern, together with the present governor of Ohio and General Alger, of Michigan. General Alger then speaking of Mr. Blaine, repeated the substance of a conversation he had had with him. He inquired why Mr. Blaine had discontinued all efforts to reverse the accepted decision of the elections of 1894, on the strength of reported frauds in New York city.

"I was a witness to all that occurred in 1876," said Mr. Blaine, in substance, and to my mind it seemed that this country could not with safety undergo another such a trial. I then determined that never in my name should a contest for the Presidency be carried on. I felt and still feel that the country will see and feel and correct electoral wrongs, and that the individual fortunes of no man should be permitted to endanger the security of the nation."

Like Webster, Clay and many others, Mr. Blaine never reached the official heights to which his mind aspired, and for which his attainments were so well adapted. Fortunately, however, he needed neither place nor power to give him the rank now freely conceded to him on every side.

Dramatic Entertainment.

In order to raise an improvement fund for St. Barbara's church at West Brookfield, the recent dramatic entertainment will be repeated on St. Valentine's day at 8 p. m. The affair will be under the direction of Miss Anna Hansen and the following is the programme:

Introduction, Piano. — Miss Anna Hansen
"Grundrich Christ."
Baritone Solo. — Frank Bryer
Two Students. — H. Dakey and H. Lehigh
Steward. — J. H. Lehigh
Servant. — J. H. Lehigh
Dr. Eisenbush. — J. H. Lehigh
Little Boy. — J. H. Lehigh

Mrs. Friedmann. — Miss Annie Kanebauer
Mrs. Hitzig. — Miss Mary Engel
Mrs. Bryant. — Miss Eliza Bryer
Servant girl. — Miss M. Hassner
Song. — Church Choir
"Hansel and Gretel."

Hansel. — Oscar Helman
Gretel. — Lida Koenbauer
"Mischievous Nigger."
Anthony Snow, a mischievous nigger.
Colonel Klutner, a wild old gentleman.
Charles Dornhecker.
Mons. Tripin, a French barber. In love.
With the old gentleman.
Jimmy Ducks, an Irishman. Michael Bantz.
Miss Morton, a widow and mother of
Fanny Nibbs, a model nurse. Mary Hamer.
Music.

You can never tell what a slight cold may do; it is best, therefore, to give yourself the benefit of the doubt, and cure it as soon as possible with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A day's delay, sometimes an hour's delay, may result in serious consequences.

Public Sale of Stock.

H. M. Rudy will sell at auction Feb. 2, 1893, one mile east of Dalton, 13 head of horses and colts ranging in age from three to six years, one span of extra good mules, 20 head of cattle consisting of Jersey cows, heifers and stock cattle, 72 head of good ranging ewes, one Shropshire buck, 3 Poland China brood sows (Registered) one Poland China boar, 25 shoats, also an entire outfit of first class farm implements such as wagons, buggies, plows, harrows, grain drills, feed rollers, corn planters, binder, mower, tedder, rake, fanning mill, hay, oats and corn. Sale commences at 10 o'clock sharp. BRENNER & SON, Auctioneers.

Read This.

NORTH LAWRENCE O. Jan. 25 1893. This is to certify that, to-day, A. Hammermith & Son, agents, Ohio Farmers Insurance Co. gave me the Company's check for twelve hundred and fifty two dollars in full for loss by fire on the 13th day of December 1892. Insured by said company in policy No. 576,638.

AUGUST DITMAR.

Just received a fine line of slipper soles in all sizes at H. H. Pille's shoe store.

CRUSHED BY A COAL TRAIN

CONRAD RUSS INSTANTLY KILLED THIS MORNING.

He was Crossing the Bridge Over New Creek When Run Down by an Approaching Train—The Body Disappears.

At about fifteen minutes past six o'clock Tuesday Conrad Russ, a laborer employed at the rolling mill, while crossing the Newman creek trestle, was struck by a C. L. & W. coal train and instantly killed.

Russ was on the night shift, which quits work at six o'clock each morning. After the whistle had blown, he started for home in company with Nicholas Leininger and John Dorfner, who are also employed at the mill. The men walked along the C. L. & W. track until they reached the trestle, when Russ stopped to clean the snow from his shoes. His companions, not noticing the approach of the train, hurried across the bridge, thinking that Russ had also observed it and would wait on the other side until the cars had passed. Russ, however, being very hard of hearing, failed to notice the coming train and started to cross.

He had just reached the center of the first span when the train caught him. Leininger and Dorfner, hearing his cries, turned just in time to see the unfortunate man struck by the engine and crushed beneath the wheels. Immediately after the train had passed they rushed to the spot where Russ had disappeared, but with the exception of a few pieces of flesh and brain which were hanging to the ties, nothing could be seen of the body. A closer investigation, however, showed that the body had been thrown into the creek, which, owing to recent thaw, had been swollen to a most the size of a river. Help was at once summoned and a thorough search made, but all efforts to find the body were fruitless.

The current of the creek is very swift, and it is the general opinion of the searchers that the body was flung into the river.

Conrad Russ was 50 years of age, and nine years ago, in company with his wife and five children, emigrated to this country from Wurtemberg, Germany, and came straight to Massillon where he has resided ever since. He was a steady, hard working man, had many friends and for the past five years has been employed at the Massillon Rolling Mills, and lived in North Mill street.

The eldest son of Conrad Russ, in searching for his father's remains this afternoon in Newman's creek, found a leg and a little later one leg, which had been severed from the body just above the knee, was secured 200 yards below the bridge. A closer search is being made this afternoon and men will go into the water at the junction of the creek and river, where they expect to find the trunk of the body. Six weeks ago Conrad Russ had his life insured in the Branch No. 38 of the C. M. B. A. for the sum of \$2,000, and the first assessment was paid but one week ago.

THE BODY RECOVERED.

All That is Mortal of Conrad Russ Found in the Tuscarawas River.

At about 9 o'clock this morning the searchers engaged in the hunt for the body of Conrad Russ, who was killed on the C. L. & W. trestle at Newman's creek yesterday morning, succeeded in recovering the trunk of the body. The remains were discovered by Philip Lux, near the east bank of the river just below the mouth of the creek.

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the second leg of Russ was found in the creek near where the first limb was discovered by his son at 2 o'clock. The body was badly bruised and dashed but not mutilated beyond recognition. The remains were taken to the undertaking rooms of A. Helger, in North Mill street to await the arrival of the coroner, who was in the city this morning but was called to Alliance to investigate another case.

Coroner Conklin returned to this city this afternoon and viewed the body of Russ at Helger's undertaking rooms. His verdict will be accidental death.

Washington Won

At the meeting of Lincoln Council, Junior Order of American Mechanics, last night, an excellent literary programme was rendered. Reuben E. Maier read a history of Lincoln Council since its organization. Dr. Frank Seaman gave a select reading, and there were other interesting features, among which was a debate. The subject was, "Resolved, That Abraham Lincoln did more for his country than George Washington." The negative side, represented by Wm. Martin, Ohas. Ruth, W. W. Walker and George Blumenthal, was victorious over the affirmative, Dr. E. J. Miller, Gustav Breckel, Henry Berran and George Hardgrove. The next debate will take place in three weeks and the subject will be announced at the meeting next week.

Will Hear Paderewski.

Parties have been organized in Massillon and Canton to attend the Paderewski concert in Cleveland on Wednesday, Feb. 22. A rate of \$1.75 for the trip is made by the C. O. & S. railroad, tickets good on any train. A special train will return after the concert, and a special car will convey Massillon people over from Canton.

The Educational Exhibit.

The Stark County educational exhibit will be held in the assembly room of the high school, Canton, O., Feb. 9, 10 and 11. Hon. C. H. Workman, author of the Workman law, will address the teachers and their friends on school legislation, on Saturday.

Mrs. Abraham Bowman.

Mrs. Abraham Bowman, aged 77, died Monday afternoon at her home northwest of the city, from grip and rheumatism. Her husband has been dead several years. The funeral will take place from the house at 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, burial in the West Brookfield cemetery.

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

THE BONFIELD FARM CHOSEN.

The Agricultural Society U. S. in the Fair Ground Question.

THE LATEST—At 4:15 Monday the society voted 11 to 5 in favor of purchasing the Bonfield farm.

S. A. Conrad and A. Pontius were appointed to meet the county commissioners and secure their consent to the sale of the present grounds and purchase of the new.

So far as the Agricultural Society is concerned, the matter is settled in favor of the Canton-Massillon site. Great credit for the victory is due to Mr. Conrad, who has been indefatigable.

SHE TOOK LAUDANUM.

MAMIE ROOF ATTEMPTS TO DESTROY HERSELF.

One-third of an Ounce of Poison Passes Her Lips—Another Attempt While in Charge of the Physician—General Despondency the Cause.

Mamie Roof, the young daughter of Adam Roof, whose residence is in East Main street, attempted to commit suicide, Tuesday, by taking laudanum. She had threatened some such step from time to time, and when she did not rise, Tuesday morning, her step-mother suspected that she had carried out her intention. She called neighbors to her assistance and sent for Dr. Penberthy, who lives across the street.

The girl was found in a semi-conscious state, and under her pillow was a bottle of laudanum. She had taken about one-third of an ounce—not enough to cause death. Restoratives were applied, and while the physician was at work she again seized the bottle, saying, "Let me alone; I want to die." Dr. Penberthy dashed the bottle from her hand before she had swallowed more than a few drops. She has about recovered.

General despondency is the only reason assigned for her desire to end her life.

Justice Lamar's Successor.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The President is expected this week to send to the senate a nomination for successor to Justice Lamar. The impression is that he will select a man from the South.

A Card from Mrs. Reese.

MR. EDITOR: Would you please allow me a short space in your valuable paper to return my sincere gratefulness to the associates of my late husband in the railway postal service, for presenting me with a beautiful memorial containing a cabinet sized photograph of each of the four postal clerks who lost their lives in the horrible wreck at Shreve, O. The designs are appropriate in the railway postal service and is elegantly finished in hand work at a cost of \$31 each. Seven memorials were produced, one each for the four families, one for the chief clerk, office at Cincinnati; one for superintendent, in Cincinnati; and one for the postmaster general, office at Washington, D. C. It is a token of respect I cherish very highly, and shall ever remember the donors.

Respectfully,

MRS. D. E. REESE.

NEWMAN, Jan. 31, 1893.

Has Bought the Jacoby Block

J. W. McElmonds has purchased the Jacoby block, next to the canal, in East Tremont street, through S. J. Burd.

A GOOD RECORD. "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for ten years," says Druggist E. B. Legg, of Vail, Ia., "and have always warranted it and never had a bottle returned. During the past 90 days I have sold twelve dozen and it has given perfect satisfaction in every instance." I do not dry up a cough, but loosen and relieve it. I will cure a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. 25 cent, 50 cent and bottle for sale by Morganthaler & Heister.

Leader.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which might be used as a beverage or intoxicant. It is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys. It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by Z. T. Baltzy.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzy.

Heart Disease Curable.

The truth of this statement may be doubted by many, but when Dr. Franklin Miles, the eminent Indiana specialist, claims that Heart Disease is curable and proves it by thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures by his New Heart Cure; it attracts the attention of the millions suffering with short breath, palpitation, irregular pulse, wind in stomach, pain in side or shoulder, smothering spells, fainting, Dropsy, etc. A. F. Davis, Silver Creek, Neb., by using four bottles of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, was completely cured after twelve years suffering from Heart Disease. The wonderful remedy is sold by Z. T. Baltzy. Books free.

A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at Z. T. Baltzy Drug store. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

VIRTUOUS MR. RICE.

HE TELLS A PRETTY STORY TO A CINCINNATI NEWSPAPER.

A Labored Effort to Prove Culpability with Crime on the Part of Massillon's Police—The Local Authorities Upset Mr. Rice's Yarn Very Completely.

Mr. Ike Rice recently lost a diamond pin and \$150 in money while at Massillon. The story was kept out of print at the time, as the authorities were trying to run the matter down and did so successfully. Mr. Rice, who lives at Cincinnati, and who travels for a liquor house, went home, and instead of having sense enough to keep quiet, as he should, wove the following interesting tale, which he thrust into the columns of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette on Saturday:

MR. RICE'S YARN.

A week ago last Friday evening Mrs. Rice received a telegram from her husband informing her that he would return home the following night. He had been absent on a long trip through the state, and was hurrying home. Saturday came and Sunday passed, and no tidings were received from the absent husband, and the wife, in alarm, telegraphed to Massillon, and learned that Mr. Rice was in a critical condition in the hotel in that city.

On Friday evening a week ago, after taking his supper at the hotel in Massillon, Mr. Rice met a fellow patron of the hotel, who asked Mr. Rice to take a drink with him. "Old Pappy" whisky was ordered, but before the Cincinnati had a chance to drain his glass his attention was called by someone, and while his back was turned the drink must have been emptied into his drink. That is the last thing Mr. Rice remembers of the affair. When he returned to consciousness, more than thirty-six hours after the occurrence, he was lying in a room at the hotel and two physicians were waiting upon him. The hand some diamond pin was missing from his scarf, and eighty-six dollars had been purloined from his clothing.

THE TALE UNFOLDS.

It appears that after he was given the drug he walked into a little sitting room in the rear of the bar with his sociable companion, and there fell in to a sound sleep. His valuables were deftly removed, and then the stranger disappeared.

The propriety of the saloon later in the night tried to arouse him, and feeling, became alarmed and notified the police. Through letters found in his pockets it was ascertained that he was a guest of one of the leading hotels in the city, and he was accordingly removed to his room.

When Mr. Rice recovered his right mind he at once notified the authorities at Massillon that he had been robbed, and a mild effort was made to sift the matter down. Nothing was accomplished. The loss of the diamond pin worried him greatly, and he wrote a letter to the mayor of Massillon informing him that he would give twenty-five dollars as a reward to any one who would return it. In the course of a few days he received a message, "send the money and you can have the pin."

Mr. Rice is now in possession of the valuable diamond, but, of course, he hasn't received even a small share of the eighty-five dollars that was taken from him. He has employed a detective and intends to land the guilty parties, if it is in his power. A Commercial Gazette reporter called upon Mr. Rice, last night, at his beautiful residence on the Hill. At first he was reticent in regard to the affair, and did not want anything published in regard to his experience.

OH, NO! HE WAS NOT DRUNK!

After some persuasion he reconsidered and gave the facts related above. "In all my traveling," said Mr. Rice, "and I have been in almost every town of importance from the lakes to the gulf, it was never my misfortune to fall among such a class of people as drugged and robbed me at Massillon. Of course, I thought I was too well experienced to be taken in by such schemes, and to this minute I can't explain whatever possessed me to take a drink with the stranger. I am convinced that he had a confederate, for when we approached the two men stepped up and were invited by my companion to indulge. I would know the fellow if I were to see him again, but after taking the drink everything was blank to me."

"Were you intoxicated?"

"No; I sell liquors, but I am not a drinking man. Of course I do not want to cast any reflections against the police force at Massillon, for I feel that I was very lucky in having my diamond pin returned for the reward; still, I can't help but think that the authorities there must know the guilty parties, and they certainly should be punished."

Mr. Rice is a man of middle age, bright in conversation, and lives in an elegantly furnished residence.

ENLIGHTENMENT FOR ISAAC.

If the virtuous Isaac imagines it at the true history of his escapade will remain untold, the following story, gathered from people who are fully acquainted with all his doings while in Massillon, will enlighten him somewhat.

Mayor Reed is especially indignant over the attempt of Rice to fasten the blame on others. The mayor says that it was a plain case of "a man out on a spree in a strange town." The story, as obtained from Mayor Reed, Edward Fetzner and Gustav Sailer, of the Sailer Hotel, is as follows:

Isaac, who was a traveling representative of Bernheim Brothers, wholesale liquor dealers, Cincinnati, arrived at the Sailer on Dec. 28, which is somewhat earlier than he himself claims. He began drinking soon after his arrival, and the following day, Thursday, he went into Fred Fetzner's saloon, near the hotel. He remained in town for several days and during that time drank heavily. At the hotel and at Fetzner's place, where he spent a great deal of time, he was advised to stop drinking, but he kept up his pace just the same. During his stay at the hotel he received two \$100 remittances from Cincinnati. To Gustav Sailer who had made repeated attempts to assist him in sobering up, he gave \$50.00 of the last one hundred. This Mr. Sailer kept for him until his departure. He fully realized his condition and would



FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING WEAR.

The gown on the left is of warm colored fawn cloth, with jacket effect of velvet in the same tone. The jacket and bottom of skirt ornamented with embroidery. The trimming is of lace to show. The costume on the right is of rich bengaline, with sleeves and front of bodice of velvet in contrasting shade, the trimming being bands of the same.

A MUSICIANS' COMBINE.

HEREAFTER THERE WILL BE BUT ONE ORGANIZATION.

And it will be Called the Military Band—An Important Step and a Good one, too—The Cream of Local Talent Now to be Assembled.

The movement which has been quietly agitated for many months by the members of the Harmonia and Battalion bands toward the consolidation of the two organizations has at last assumed definite shape and the statement can now be positively made that Massillon will not only have but one band, but that it will be composed of the cream of the city's musical talent.

Monday John Sailer, Henry Pfing and Wm. Vogt of the Harmonia and Joseph Ess, Wm. Ertle and Nathan Lee of the Battalion who were appointed as committees by their respective organizations met, and decided to consolidate the two bands under the name of the Massillon Military Band. It was agreed that all the property of each band should be turned over to the new one, except the finances. Owing to the fact that the Battalion uniform is almost new, it will be adopted.

Before the meeting adjourned the names of the following musicians were selected and they will compose the membership of the new organization, Cornets—Joseph Ess, Frank Ess, Louis Ess, John Ess, and John Watters. Clarinets—A. Pagner, John Rowman, Albert Richter and George Zoller. Piccolo—Victor Vogt. Alto—Charles Barthelmy, George Franz, George Ketterer, Frank Simmons, Jacob Heister, Wm. Lee. Trombones—Henry Pfing, John Sailer, George Lytle, Wm. Worthington and G. G. Griebner. Basses—Edward Pfing, Saxophone—Nathan Lee. Tubers—Wm. Ertle and Wm. Vogt. Battery—Louis Ess, Dick Walker and Chas. Wise. Major—Louis Royer.

ALL CLEAR SAILING NOW.

The New Massillon Military Band Officers Elected Last Night.

The story of the consolidation of the Harmonia and the Battalion bands was published yesterday. Last night after the organizations had met separately and gone through the form of disbanding, a joint meeting was held at the Harmonia's hall.

The election of officers of the new Massillon Military Band then took place. Paul Kirchhofer, who held a similar position in the Harmonia, was selected as president; Joseph Ess, vice president and manager; Henry Pfing, assistant manager; George Franz, secretary; Wm. Ertle, treasurer; Nathan Lee, librarian. Oscar Pagner was chosen musical director. A committee consisting of Wm. Vogt, John Roseman, Jos. Ess, Henry Pfing and Wm. Ertle was appointed to draft a constitution and by laws, which will be presented for adoption at the next business meeting.

It was decided that the rehearsals, the first of which will be held on Friday evening, will for the present take place at the old Harmonia headquarters. The two bands both have a considerable amount of new music, which will be turned over to the new organization. The members contemplate giving a concert shortly.

A gentleman in Union county, Mo., who is too modest to have his name in the newspapers, was cured of rheumatism by Chamberlain's Pain Balm, after trying other medicines and treatments for thirteen years. 50c. bottles for sale by Morganthaler & Heister.

THE INDEPENDENT sets the pace.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE



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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.
A DESPERATE SITUATION.



"My handkerchief," he whined.

Never was there a more surprised look on any man's face than on Mark's at the moment he discovered the man into whose midst he had fallen. He knew the range of the Confederate picket line, and was unable to understand how this party could be a part of it. The men looked equally surprised at his appearance. Indeed they seemed more disconcerted at his sudden coming than he was at their being there. When he made his leap among them they were about to get into the boat, and one of them held the prisoner in his hand. Mark in a twinkling made up his mind that they were not pleased at his appearance. He determined to play a bold game. He had no defined plan when he began to speak to them—it came to him as he proceeded.

"What are you men doing here?" he asked in a tone that none but a soldier knows how to assume.

No answer.

"What regiment do you belong to?"

No answer.

"Is there a noncommissioned officer among you?"

There was so much of authority in Mark's tone that it compelled an answer, and a respectful one.

"No, sir."

"You men are away from your commands without permission. I can see that plainly."

The men looked guilty, but said nothing.

"You evidently don't know me. I am an officer of General Bragg's staff on an important mission of secret service."

He wanted a moment to discover the effect of his words and then proceeded:

"It is a matter of the greatest moment that I get across the river at once. I want you men to pull me over, and then report immediately to your colonel. Give me your names."

Without appearing to doubt for a moment that he would be obeyed, he called on the men successively, and each man responded with his name. There were five men, and as each answered he saluted respectfully.

"Now what regiment do you belong to?"

"The —th Tennessee,"

"The old story," said Mark severely. "You men are doubtless from east Tennessee. You are deserters, trying to get back to where you came from."

Mark had hit the nail on the head. The men looked terror-stricken. He knew, when he ordered them to pull across the river, that they would obey him gladly. And if he should leave them to report to their colonel, they would attempt to make their way north instead.

"Get into the boat, every one of you."

Every man got into the boat, and one of them took the oars.

"Now if you will get me over quickly I'll see what I can do for you with your commanding officer when I return."

Jahey was standing on the bank with his eyes wide open at this scene. Mark had been a hero with him; now he was a little less than a god.

"Do you want to get across the river, my little man?" asked Mark, as if he had never seen the boy before.

"Does it want to? Course it does."

"Jump in then, quick. I've no time to lose."

Jahey came down and got in with the rest.

"Give way," cried Mark, and the boat shot out from the shore.

Not a dozen strokes had been taken before Mark, who was delighted at the success of his assurance, saw a slight that made his heart sink within him. A boat shot around Moccasin point from the eastward.

"God in heaven! It was full of armed men."

As soon as they saw the stiff with Mark and the deserters in it—for such they were—they pulled straight for them. In five minutes they were alongside.

"I reckon you're the men we're looking for," said an officer seated in the stern.

"Who are you looking for?" asked Mark, with as much coolness as he could assume.

"Deserters from the —th Tennessee."

Mark knew it was all up with him. His assumption of being on General Bragg's staff, which had been so successful a ruse, suddenly appeared to him a balder after his neck.

"Hand over your guns," said the officer.

The guns were handed into the boat, all except Jahey's shotgun.

"That other one too."

"That's only a shotgun, captain," said Mark.

"Well, never mind the shotgun."

Every moment the deserters looked for Mark to declare his exalted position on General Bragg's staff, but no such declaration came. It seemed possible to them that perhaps he would not wish to disclose his identity to so many. At any rate they said nothing. Had it not been for his assumption Mark would have applied to the captain to let a poor countryman and his little brother pass. Had he done so it is quite possible that the men he had deceived, surmising that he was a refugee like themselves, would not have betrayed him; but Mark knew that besides this danger the officers, having found him in such company, would not let him go.

Mark's heart was heavy as the boat in which he sat was pulled slowly against the current to Chattanooga. He realized that there was now no opportunity for his wits, on which he usually relied, to work. He was in the hands of the enemy; he would not be released without a thorough questioning, and he could say nothing that would not tell against him.

On landing all were taken to the provost marshal's office. The soldiers acknowledged that they were members of the —th Tennessee regiment, but stoutly denied that they were deserters. They were Union men, some of the northwesterners who had been impressed into the Confederate service, or had enlisted for the purpose of flying to the stars and stripes as soon as they could get near enough to warrant an attempt. They were sent to their regiment under guard. As they were leaving one of them said to Mark:

"I hope you'll keep your promise."

Mark did not reply; he had cherished a hope that they would be taken away before anything would come out as to his assumption of authority.

"What promise?" asked the provost marshal quickly.

"He's an officer on General Bragg's staff. You ought to know him, colonel."

"The devil!" exclaimed the colonel. "Oh, I saw the men were doing some thing they were ashamed of, and I bluffed them to row me across," said Mark with assumed carelessness.

"Who are you?"

"I belong in east Tennessee."

"You don't belong to any such place. You're not southern born at all. You're a Yankee. I thought you were only trying to get north with these men; now I believe you are a spy."

"I'm a southern man, sarten," said Mark, with such coolness that the officer was for a moment in doubt as to his surmise.

"Let me hear you say New York."

"New York," repeated the colonel ironically. "If you were a southern man you'd say New York. I shall have to hold you for further information."

"I would like to go to my home in Tennessee. I came here to buy a gun for my brother. But if you won't let me I'll have to stay with you, I suppose. Only I hope you won't separate us. Jahey's very young, and I don't want to turn him adrift alone in a strange town."

"I shall have to hold you till I can report the case to headquarters," said the officer, and Mark and Jahey were led away to a room in the house occupied by the provost marshal for prisoners temporarily passing through his hands.

The reply that came to the announcement of the capture of the citizen and the boy was to hold them under vigilant guard. It was reported that Mark had been personating an officer of the staff, and this looked very suspicious; indeed quite enough so to warrant their trying him for a spy by drumhead court martial and executing him the next morning.

Mark was searched and everything of value taken from him. They went through Jahey's pockets and felt of the lining of his coat, but as he was a child the search was not very thorough, or they would have found the pills in his boot. They took his gun, but by this time Jahey realized that there was something more momentous than a squirrel gun at stake, and parted with it without showing any great reluctance. He realized that Mark, for whom he had by this time conceived a regard little short of idolatry, was in danger, and the boy for the first time began to feel that his friend could not accomplish everything.

Jahey stood looking on stolidly as Mark was searched till he saw a soldier take Souri's red silk handkerchief. He had produced the impression on the searchers he had at first produced upon Mark—that he was stupid beyond his years. As the man grasped the handkerchief and was about to put it in his pocket Jahey set up a howl.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked one of the soldiers.

"My handkerchief," he whined.

"Is it yours?"

"Yes."

"Give the boy his wife," said the man to the would be appropriator. "Don't rob a child."

So Jahey preserved his handkerchief. Then they were marched away together to a small building used for a negro jail. It was two stories high, though the lower story had no windows. The upper part was reached by a long flight of steps outside the building. The lower part was a dingy, and though used to confine negroes there had been a number of east Tennesseeans imprisoned there. The place was kept by an old man and his wife named Triggs. Mark was put into a room in the upper story, and the only window was barred. Had Mark been arrested with definite proof that he was a spy, he would doubtless have been put in the dungeon.

As it was, he was only guarded with ordinary caution. This, however, seemed quite sufficient to prevent his escape. Jahey was put into a room by himself, but he was not required to stay there. He was suffered to go and come at will, except that the guard at the gate was ordered not to let him leave the yard. He asked the jailer's wife to permit him to go in to Mark so often the first morning of his arrival that at last the guard at the door was instructed to pass him in and out at will.

"Well, Jahey," said Mark, when they were together in their new quarters. "This looks pretty blue."

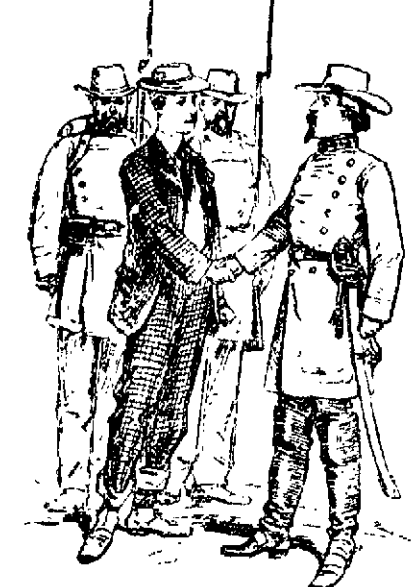
"Reckon it does."

"You'd better not stay here. Go out in the yard and I'll try to think up some plan. But I must confess I don't see any way out. Mark rested his elbows on his knees, and putting his face in his hands thought upon his perilous situation.

"Jest you don't worry," said Jahey. "sumeph'll turn up sho."

"Well, go out into the sunlight. Don't stay here. If they sentence me to hang I'll try to get them to send you home."

CHAPTER X.
THE RED SILK HANDKERCHIEF.



The men clasped hands, and Mark was led away between two soldiers.

Greatness, underlying an univerting exterior is often called out by circumstances. President Lincoln would not have been the "great emancipator" had he not been born in the nick of time. General Grant would not have become prominent as a soldier had the civil war occurred before or after he was of fit age to lead the Union armies, and Jahey Slack—well, Jahey would not have developed his ability as a strategist had it not been for his friend, Mark Malone, and the negro jail at Chattanooga.

Jahey was as incompetent to sit down and think out a plan for his friend's escape as he was to demonstrate a proposition of Euclid. He could neither read, write nor cipher, the want of an ability to read or write being a great disadvantage to him in his present responsible position. But the desire to help his friend out of a bad fix having got into his brain, from the nature of the case it simmered there, and then boiled a little, and simmered and boiled again. Like most people of genius, Jahey was unconscious of his own powers, but there was one person in whom, next to Mark, he had great confidence; that was his sister Souri. Then came the thought that if Souri were only there "she might do a heap."

This led Jahey up to the problem how to get her there. The problem was too difficult for his young brain to solve, so he got no further until circumstances came to his aid, or may be not have had the germs of reason within him to go further without being definitely conscious of them?

When he left Mark he went out into the jailyard and began to stroll about with his hands in his pockets. To a casual observer he was simply a boy with no playmates, who did not know what to do with himself. If any one had been near him he would have seen his little eyes continually watching for some means of communication with the outside world. Occasionally he would wander near the fence, first casting a sly glance at the jail. There were cracks between the boards, and Jahey was looking out for a good wide crack to spy through. At last he found a place to sit him and hovered about it listening for a footstep, and occasionally getting a quick glance through the opening by putting his eye to it. But Jahey knew well that if caught at this he would be called into the jail and forced to stay there, so he preferred to rely on his sense of hearing rather than on his sense of sight.

The jail was in an unfrequented place, and he was not soon rewarded. A man went by, but he was too far; then another man, but Jahey studied his face and let him go without stopping him. At last an old negro woman passed with a basket on her arm, smoking a short clay pipe.

"Auntie," called the boy.

"Lord a massy! Is de angel oh de clouds?" said the old woman, starting and dropping her basket.

"Auntie, hyar at de crack?"

"Who is yo' callen' at yo' nuss' be a chille from yo' voice."

"Put yer eye close up to de fence and yo' can see me at de crack."

The woman drew near and put her eye to the crack. Jahey stood off a little way, and she could see him plainly. Meanwhile he pretended to have lost something on the ground.

"Why bress my po' ole heart, honey, ef y' ain't notten but a little boy in de jailyard. Taught 't be nuff to keep dem po' nussible po' white east Tennesseeans dar w'at dey had in de cellar wid-out keepen a chille."

"My brother's a prisoner, 'n so air I," said Jahey in a melancholy voice.

"Clam ober de fence, honey, and run away."

"The fence air too high, 'n I ain't a goen hyar to leave my brother anyway. See hyar, auntie, air yo' niggers Union or secessh?"

"Why, honey, do you tink we turn ag'in on' own folks! Ain't de Yankee sojers comen down far to gib us liberation?"

"Ef y' c'd save a Union sojer from hangen, w'd y' do it?"

"Fo' de Lord I would!"

"Then send this handkerchief to Souri Slack."

"Who Souri Slack?"

"She's my sister. She lives at Farmer Slack's."

"What dar?"

"On the Anderson road, close onto the Squatchee river."

While this conversation was going on Jahey continued his efforts to find something at his feet. He picked up a stone, rolled in the handkerchief and threw them over the fence.

"What good dat do?" asked the colored woman, picking up the missile of war.

"When Souri gits it she'll know."

"Will dat sabe de Union sojer's neck?"

"Mebbe 't might, 'n mebbe 't moughtn't."

"I can't go myself—I'm too ole—but I'll start hit along. Reckon de darkies'll tote it."

She picked up her basket and was moving away when Jahey called to her.

"Auntie!"

"What, honey?"

"Yer mought git some on to tote hit ter an old nigger named Jefferson Randolph, ez lives up a creek 'bout five mile from hyar, near the pike runnen that a-way. Mebbe he'll pass hit on."

"Sho nuff."

"Yo' boy, dar!"

The jailer's wife was standing in an open window regarding Jahey severely.

"Come away from that ar fence!"

Jahey skipped along toward her, doing a little waltzing as he went.

"Ef that ar boy wasn't sich a chille, I'd think he'd ben up to sumephin'."

"What war yer a-doen by that ar fence?" she asked when he came up.

"Nuthin'."

"What war that y' throwed over?"

"Oh, I war only throwen stones."

"What yer throwen stones that a-way fur?"

"For fun."

"Well, y' just keep away from the fence ef y' shan't play in 't yard at all. I'll shet y' up with that big brother's yorn."

"Waal, I won't go thar no more."

And Jahey took a top out of his trousers pocket and began plugging imaginary tops on the ground.

Mark hoped that the preparations the Confederates were making for the expected move would cause them to forget him. He was not destined to be so fortunate. The second day after his capture he was taken before a court martial held in a house occupied by the staff department, to be tried on the charge of being a spy.

The court was assembled and ready to proceed with the case. An officer had been detailed to defend the prisoner, but he had not arrived and the court waited. Presently a clatter of horse hoofs was heard outside. It stopped before the door of the house, and in another moment Mark's counsel entered the room.

Mark looked at him with astonishment. In the tall, straight soldier, with black hair and eyes, mustache and goatee, bearing about him that something which indicates "the major born," he recognized the officer who had called at the Fains' on the morning he had left them—Captain Camcannon Fitz Hugh.

As soon as he entered he beckoned the prisoner to follow him to a corner of the room apart from the others for consultation. It was not a convenient place for such an important interview, but one charged with being a spy was not likely to get many favors, and the exigencies of the case did not admit of aught except the bare forms of justice.

"Will you give me your confidence, my man, or shall I proceed at random?"

"At random."

"If you think it best to trust me, I give you the word of a Virginia gentleman that I will not betray you, and I will do all I can for you. I am a Fitz Hugh."

He said this unconscious of how it would sound to a northerner. To him to be a Fitz Hugh was to be memorable of a dishonorable act. Mark understood him perfectly; indeed his counsel inspired him with every confidence.

"I would explain everything to you, captain, but my secret is not all my own. I would be perfectly willing to trust my fate in your hands if I could honorably do so. You will doubtless fail in your defense, but I thank you for the effort you will make."

The trial was of brief duration. The soldiers in whose company Mark was taken were called and testified to his having masqueraded as a staff officer. Knowing now that he was probably a Union spy, they would have shielded him, but they had already given up the secret. Mark was asked where he lived.

He had entered his name at the hotel as coming from Jasper, so he gave that place as his residence, but when asked what county Jasper was in he could not tell. The maps he had studied, being military maps, did not give the counties. Then some Tennessee soldiers were brought in—the towns swarmed with them—who testified that they lived at Jasper and had never seen the prisoner there. The closing evidence against Mark was given by the recruiting officer with whom he had promised to enlist. Hearing that a spy had been taken, and suspecting it might be his promised recruit, he went to the courtroom and there recognized the prisoner. His testimony was sufficient. The court had made up its mind before the prisoner's counsel had said a word.

Captain Fitz Hugh seemed distressed at not being able to bring forth any evidence in behalf of the prisoner. When he arose to speak in Mark's defense the court listened to him with marked attention and respect—indeed they were as favorably impressed with the accused's counsel as they were unfavorably disposed toward the accused. The captain was obliged to content himself with warning the court against convicting a man of being a spy because his identity was not satisfactorily explained and on circumstantial evidence. He asked that the prisoner might have more time than had been given him in which to gather evidence in his behalf.

The court denied this request and proceeded with a verdict. In forty minutes after Mark entered the courtroom he was found guilty of being a spy.

"Have you anything to say why the sentence of the court should not be passed upon you?"

"No, sir."

Captain Fitz Hugh interposed once more for delay.

"I would suggest," he said, "that mass-much as some explanation may come to hand bearing on the case the court fix up client's punishment to take place on a day not nearer than a week from today."

"I had intended to fix it for tomorrow morning at sunrise," said the president, "but in deference to the prisoner's counsel I will compromise with him midway between a week, as he desires, and tomorrow, or allowing three days. The sentence of the court is that the prisoner be hanged by the neck until he is dead on the twenty-seventh day of August, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, or three days from today."

Before Mark was led out of the courtroom his counsel approached him. Considering the prejudice against the prisoner, another man would have suffered him to go without a word. Not so Captain Fitz Hugh. He strode up to Mark, the officers and soldiers present making a way for him, leaving him alone with the prisoner by withdrawing to another part of the room, and extended his hand.

"One thing is plain to me," he said, "whoever you are, you are a gentleman, and I believe you have sacrificed your life to your sense of duty. I am sorry that you did not trust me with your secret. Then I might have done something for you. As it is, I have done nothing."

"It would have availed nothing," said Mark. "You have done all you could under any circumstances. Besides, had I told you who I am, you might have felt it your bounden duty to your cause to make known the facts."

"Never," said Fitz Hugh proudly. "I owe more to myself, more to my sense of honor, more to my birth and breeding, more even to my state than to the Confederacy."

"Captain Fitz Hugh," said Mark with a voice in which there was a slight tremble, "you are of too fine grain. You are too frank, too truthful. Do not feel a moment's regret at not having been able to save me. Mine is but one of thousands of lives that must go out in this great struggle for human liberty. Mine is an ordinary nature. You are fitted for nobler work than war. I trust you will be spared to become an honor to your state and a reunited country. From the bottom of my heart I thank you."

The men clasped hands, and Mark was led away between two soldiers.

CHAPTER XI.
DE CAUSE OR FREEDOM.

On the morning after Jahey's interview with the colored woman through the crack in the jailyard fence Souri Slack was washing dishes by an open window in the kitchen, an addition built of pine boards to one of the united houses, which formed the Slack dwelling. The sun was shining brightly, and morning glory she had trained up to grow about the window was fresh with dew. Souri's heart felt unusually light. The air was so fresh the sun was so bright; the morning glory flowers had such a companionable look in them that Souri was very happy.

Suddenly there came to her a quick sickening away from the pleasurable sensation. A sense of danger rushed in to take its place. Surely something horrible was about to happen.

In a moment she heard the clatter of horse hoofs coming at a gallop. Looking up the road, of which she had a view from the window, she saw a horse covered with foam tearing toward her, with a negro boy on his bare back. In a moment the rider was at the fence and had reined in his horse. Wild with haste and excitement, seeing Souri at the window, he called:

"Am dis Slack's place?"

"Yes."

"Whar Souri Slack?"

"Hyar."

"Yo?"

"Yes."

The boy held up a red handkerchief, and then jumping off his horse threw the reins over a picket in the fence, which he vaulted, and running up to the window poked the handkerchief at her. Souri at once recognized the handkerchief she had given Mark. Seized on a corner she noticed a piece of dirty cloth on which some one had written with a pen in blotted letters:

*Souri Slack
Farmer Slack's
Anderson Co. Ky. Spectlyville
Dec 1861*

"Whar'd y' git thar?" asked Souri, her face white as ashes.

"Dunno. Left wid de niggers a. Mr. Torbun's plantation. I'ze Mr. Torbun's nigger."

"Who tole y' ter tote hit hyar?"

"Ole nigger w'at leas hit."

"Whar'd he say?"

"Nuffin."

And the boy pointed to the corner as if that was sufficient explanation for any one.

Souri could not read what was written there, but she knew Mark had been captured, and it was fair to suppose that he was at or near Chattanooga.

"Waal," she said, "y' niggers hev passed this ter me; reckon y' ken pass me back; I'll go 'th y'." Air y' lungry?"

"I'ze rid since one o'clock dis mawnin'."

"Waal, take yer horse round ter de barn far a feed, and then come in hyar."

The darky showed his white teeth and did as he was bidden. When he came in Souri placed something to eat before him, and then went in to inform her mother of what had happened.

"Maw," she said, "Jahey's tuk."

"La sakes!" exclaimed the mother with a scream. "Air they goen ter hang him?"

"Don't know. The sojer's tuk too. Reckon they'll hang him, sarten."

"How'd y' know?"

Souri told her about giving Mark the handkerchief and its return "in de cause of freedom."

"What shall we do?" moaned the mother, rocking in concert with her feelings.

"I'm goen ter Chattanooga ter find out."

"They'll hang y', too," whined Mrs. Slack.

"Reckon not. I mought find a way ter git Jahey outen jail."

"N't de sojer too?"

"Mebbe."

"Air y' goen jest's y' air?"

Souri thought a while without replying. She would go with the colored boy of course. He could show her the way, and she might pass for some relative. But that would not do. She was white, and the boy was black. Why not darken her face? The idea was a good one.

"Maw," she said, "I'm a-goen out ter find some berries to make me a merket, and before her mother could reply she was off. When she returned the negro boy had finished his breakfast. She told him that she would be ready to go back with him in half an hour. While she was talking to him he fell asleep. Then she thought it would be better to let him sleep all day and travel at night. Time would be lost, but there would be less liability to interruption, so she aroused him with difficulty and conducted him to an old sofa, where he at once dropped off again into slumberland. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when Souri awakened the boy. Seeing a mulatto girl standing by him in an old calico dress and a sunbonnet on her head he was astonished.

"Who yo?" he asked.

"Don't y' know me?"

"Sho nuff!"

"What's yer name?"

"Julius."

"What's yer t'other name?"

"Ain't got none!"

"I'm goen with y' t'where y' started from; then I reckon I'll have ter go on alone."

"Ole man dar; he tote y' further."

"Waal, come along. Eat a snack 'n then we'll go."

When Julius had eaten his fill they mounted the horse, the girl sitting straddled behind him. A sour, in a common calico dress and a very large sunbonnet looked for all the world like a negro girl. Julius took her over hills and mounds, and at midnight drew rein near a large plantation. There they both got down, and Julius, who had surreptitiously taken one of his master's horses returned it to the stable. Then he led the way to a row of negro cabins. Going to one of them he knocked on the door. It was opened by the negro with whom Mark and Jahey had stood on the creek between the Fains' and Chattanooga.

"Dis de gal," said Julius.

"Goen to Chattanooga?" asked the old man.

"Reckon."

"I shew yo' de way. Go right off?"

"Yes."

"Habt' foot hit. Ain't got no horse?"

"I can do hit."

The negro was evidently ready and expecting them, for without going back into the cabin he led the way eastward. Souri tramped in his company the rest of the night, and at daybreak they were at his cabin on the creek. There she took a few hours' rest, and after the sun was up ate a breakfast which the old man prepared for her. After this he set out to show her the way to Chattanooga. He asked no questions. All he knew was that his efforts were in "de cause of freedom," and that was quite enough. The old woman who had brought him the handkerchief led him where her cabin was in Chattanooga, and he seemed to understand that he was to guide Souri there. She gave him some information as to a man and a boy at the jail in Chattanooga. This was all he knew.

They crossed the river by the regular ferry, having no trouble in doing so, for citizens and negroes were passing all the while. About ten o'clock in the morning they reached the cabin of the old negro who had started the handkerchief.

"Fo' de Lord!" exclaimed the woman. "How'd yo' git hyar so quick?"

"I'rabel all night," said the pilot.

"Who dar yaller gal?"

"I'm Souri Slack. Whar's th' jail?"

The woman led Souri out to show her the way, and the man left the cabin on his way homeward. Souri was taken to a place where she could see the jail, and the woman told her where to find the crack through which Jahey had conversed with her.

Souri went to the place alone, and going to the fence hunted till she found the crack. She peeped in, hoping to see her brother, but Jahey was not there. She waited an hour or more, but he did not appear.

"Reckon I'm wastin time hyar," she said at last. "I'm goen right in ter git round th' ole woman, ef there is one. And she went to the gate and presented herself before the sentinel.

"What d' y' want?" he asked.

Souri did not know whether the jailer had a wife or not, but she hazarded the reply:

"De jailer's wife tole me to come in 'n tote de washin'."

The soldier looked at her doubtfully but suffered her to pass in.

She had scarcely entered before she saw a party of soldiers conducting a man from the jail. They passed near her, and she recognized Mark. He was going to his trial. He did not recognize her, darkened as she was, and she was too wise to make herself known. Jahey followed his friend and was going to pass out with him, but was stopped by the guard.

Souri saw tears trickling down the boy's cheeks as he went back and strolled about in the yard. She longed to take him in her arms, but did not dare to even make herself known to him. She did not know where Mark was being taken, so going back to the guard she asked with apparent idle curiosity:

"Whar dey goen wid dat man?"

"Reckon thar goen ter try him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mexican Telegraphs and Landroads.

In the republic of Mexico there are now about 22,000 miles of telegraph lines in operation, including the new lines constructed since last April. There are now over 6,000 miles of railroad in Mexico, about 124 miles having been constructed since last April.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

"THAT TERRIBLE DISTRESS."

LIVER TROUBLE, BILIOUSNESS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, AND KIDNEY DISEASE.

Treated by Eight Physicians Without Benefit.

CURED BY LIVURA.

LIVURA MFG. CO., DEAR SIR:—For about 8 years I have been afflicted with liver trouble, causing me to become very bilious. I had headache continually, my appetite was very poor, and a swelling of the stomach accompanied by a terrible distress. During the past two years my weakness and pain me so badly I could not rest

